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Judge

JANUARY 29, 1921
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JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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Drawn by Don Herold

Will It Come to This?

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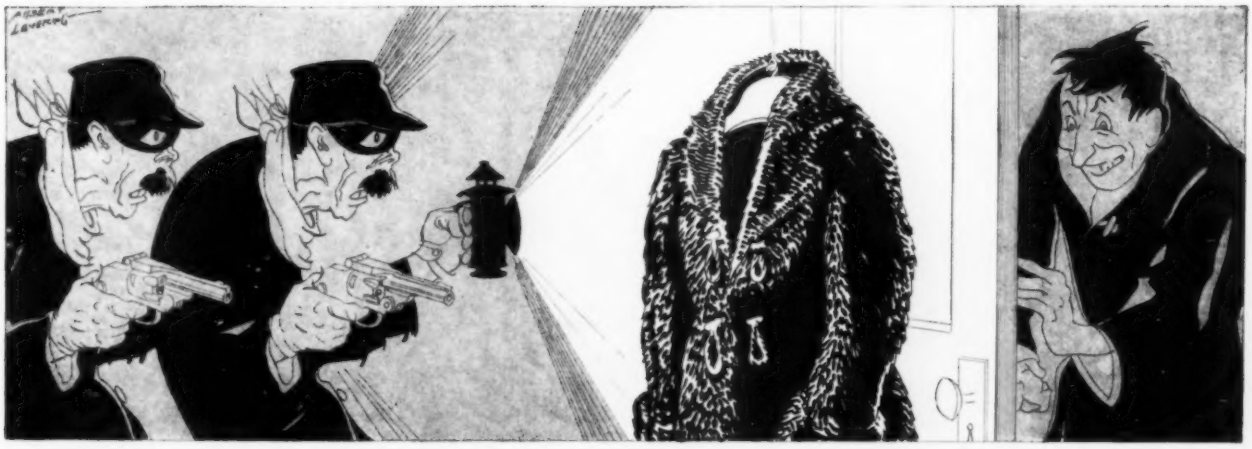
Drawn by ORSON LOWELL

CHERCHEZ L'HOMME

"THE WIDOW KEENE TELLS ME SHE'S GIVING UP HUNTING."
"SERVANT, FOX AND HOUSE, YES; BUT *man*—NEVER!"

Drawn by WALTER DE MARIS

"YOU HAVE A WONDERFUL GIFT FOR TRAINING ANIMALS."
"IT'S AN ACQUIRED FACULTY, MY DEAR. YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN MARRIED THREE TIMES."



"It was my wife's fur coat that the bandits got."

His Wife's New Sealskin

By Ada Nichols

Illustrated by Albert Levering

"I HEAR that you and your wife were held up and robbed last night," began the man with the pencil behind his ear. "Did they get much?"

"Nothing that mattered," cheerfully replied the man who was wearing the turned suit.

"Well, for a man who's just been robbed, you take it easy. Did you put up a fight?"

"No," said the man in the turned suit, quietly.

The eyes of the man with the pencil behind his ear veered sharply to one side. "It wouldn't be healthy for any one to try it on me!" he exclaimed. "I need all the money I can earn!"

"So—?" encouraged the man in the turned suit, drily.

"I wanted to buy a car," confided the man with the pencil behind his ear, abruptly changing the subject, "but agitation for a fur coat has been more or less active in my family for the last dozen weeks. So I am going to get my wife a sealskin coat."

"Don't," said the man in the turned suit.

"Well, I never could see my way to it before, but I made a little lucky deal the other day and now she can have it. Anyway, I guess one fur coat won't break me permanently."

"Yes, it will!" exclaimed the man in the turned suit, groping for his handkerchief in the place where a pocket should have been. "It isn't the cost of the coat—it's the upkeep!"

"The 'upkeep'?"

"Yes. Listen! I bought my wife one of those coats last fall—at one of those fur sales. It was some coat! She looked like a million dollars in it! I could see her in it every time I closed my eyes."

"After that she had to have a new dress."

"Well, I won't have to close *my* eyes to see my wife in hers!" interrupted the man with the pencil behind his ear, jovially. "My wife and I are pals."

"You'll wish you *could* close them—after she's had it awhile!" warned the man in the turned clothes.

"Huh, just how do you make that out?" stiffened the man with the pencil behind his ear.

"You see it's like this," mourned the man in the turned clothes. "My wife had no sooner gotten that coat than she refused to go anywhere, said her shoes didn't match her coat—they looked shabby! So I had to get her a new pair of shoes, too. Next, she discovered that the handsome coat made her hat look like thirty cents, and I had to get her a new hat. After that she had to have a new dress, because she felt so cheap slipping out of that coat in her usual dresses. She said everybody would expect to see a dress of distinction beneath such a gorgeous top garment."

"Oh, well," scoffed the man with the pencil behind his ear, "one expects to dress his wife properly. You were all right after that, weren't you?"

"No! My troubles had only begun. My wife and I used to go into those cafeterias to eat, but after she got her sealskin coat she wouldn't enter one of them; she said her coat looked so out of place in there that she felt uncomfortable. Besides, she complained that the people behind her pushed their trays against her back and she was afraid her coat would be spoiled. I had to take her to a better place to eat. It just doubled the cost of living."

"You were out of luck, weren't you!" ejaculated the man with the

pencil behind his ear, beginning to show real interest. "What made her wear it all the time?"

"She didn't dare leave it at home for fear of burglars," grieved the man in the turned suit searching futilely for a breast pocket on the left side of his coat.

"Then, you see," he resumed, "we used to take in a show now and then—good balcony seats—but now—nix! Nothing doing. She couldn't be seen climbing those stairs in that coat! So I had to buy orchestra, fifth row, and get a taxi to take her home because she said she felt like a four-flusher in her pretty dress and that coat riding on a street car. The upkeep of that coat, take it all in all, cost me more than the upkeep of a high-priced car. I never knew where I was at with her."

"Well, old pal, you certainly were up against it!" exclaimed the man with the pencil behind his ear, sympathetically. "And on top of all this, you were held up on your way home and robbed, last night. Say, if you need a little temporary loan—why—I'll——"

"Oh, no, thanks!" hastily declined the man in the turned clothes. "I'm all right. Things will be fine from now on! You see, last night—it was my wife's fur coat that the bandits got."

"H'm, I see—" nodded his friend taking his pencil briskly from behind his ear; "suppose after lunch, you take a run with me up Michigan Avenue. I'll just take a squint at those 1921 model cars!"

Drawn by Robert Lemen

"Yes, poor girl, she worked in front of the camera too long and now she can't even drink her tea without having a director tell her how to do it."

A Mystery

By Stuart W. Knight

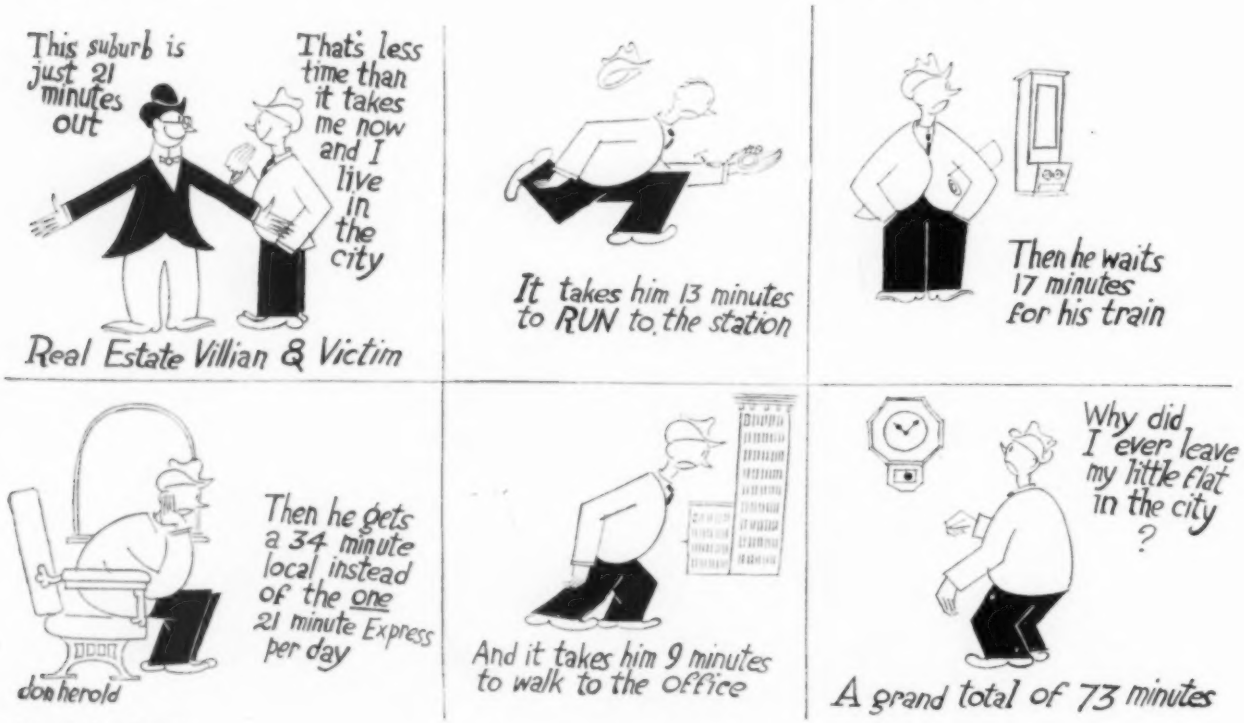
I HAVE never been quite able to understand how an individual who knows as little as I know can get by. My ignorance is really abysmal. My mental incompetence seems to me to be the most unwieldy thing extant upon this mundane sphere of ours. I realize that my mind is the epitome of negation. Yet people answer me when I speak to them and seem willing enough to accept me as a normal human being. And if questions are put to me, I answer them—or evade them, which may be even better than answering them.

Do you wonder that I am puzzled? As I stop to ponder upon the subject, it seems to be the world's most impenetrable mystery. I have a plentiful, if not a lavish, supply of food and clothing, and I carry my head erect as I mingle on terms of equality with my fellows. Nobody seems to mind my ignorance. I am seldom refused a hearing, and even now I am moderately attracting your attention, which fact suggests the only possible explanation of the mystery.

Perhaps you and the rest of my fellows are nearly as ignorant as I am.

But It Was Reel Stuff

"Alack! alas!" the poor man cried,
Who bought a bootleg mixture,
"I thought it was the real stuff—
I drank a moving picture!"



Drawn by Don Herold

"Twenty-one Minutes Out."

Drawn by John Conacher

Sea-Sick Scot (after relief at the rail)—Eh, Mon! A sea-voyage is a ter-r-rible extravagance these days!

A Paradoxical Mate

By Mary Graham Bonner

MARGARET CROPSEY adored her Billy. He was not merely good-looking and clever, a money-maker and a generous spender but—he was her husband.

There was one cloud in an otherwise cloudless sky. She wished she could be beautiful. Not that Billy had ever expressed dissatisfaction regarding her looks. Not that he had ever said she was unattractive.

But when she had said,

"Oh dear, I wish I were beautiful," Billy had answered.

"Oh, beauty doesn't count for anything. You're all right the way you are!"

That was just it. The way she was, was not a beautiful way. Even Billy hadn't denied her inference that beauty had never claimed her for its own.

If only people could speak of Billy Cropsey's beautiful wife the way people spoke of Jack Wellman's wife. People spoke of her, she knew, as "such a nice girl," or "such a sensible woman."

Beauty! What wouldn't she do to possess it! For Billy always noticed a beautiful woman. Not that he walked in beauty's footsteps—but he was not unmindful of beauty's charms.

So, after thought and discreet questioning Margaret made her way one morning to a beauty parlor. Over the entrance of the mysterious rooms where plain features were discarded and beautiful ones acquired she read the motto:

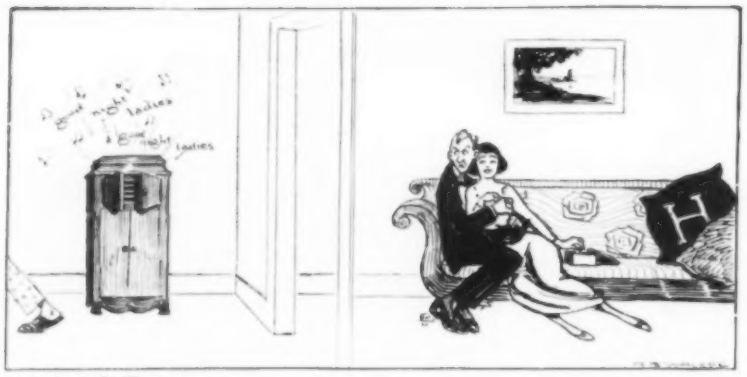
"Welcome, and Success!"

"And you'll really make me beautiful?" she asked. "It's easy to do?"

"Quite easy," she was assured by Madame. "Why your friends won't know you when you get out of here you'll be so beautiful!"

Again that same kind of speech such as she had heard so often, the kind that didn't deny she was plain.

She refused to try an egg massage, or a treatment for the straightening of her nose—though they said it was something she needed, and in their mirrors her nose did look more crooked than it ever had at home. She felt that hand massage was a bit ridiculous. That is—to pay for it! She had never been as plain as all that.



Drawn by A. B. Walker

A Hint

But she tried everything, or almost everything. And when she came out her eyebrows had been straightened and tinted, her face and neck and arms were of perfect white smoothness, a delicate flush was in her cheeks (such as girls had when she had noticed them enviously so many times). Her lips were red, her hair waved and arranged low at the back of her neck with the aid of a beautiful hair switch she had purchased.

Yes, after many hours she came out from the beauty parlor a creature warm and radiant, with a blending fragrance about her of imported face creams and delicate perfume. She left amidst the admiration of every one in the beauty parlor.

She was to meet her husband down-town. They were to have tea together. Without a doubt people would turn and look at her. They always looked at Billy, but had not bothered to gaze long at her.

At last she saw him coming toward her. He was smiling. How glad he always was to see her! And then his expression changed.

"Good God," he said, "what in the world have you done to your face? Why, Margaret, you're a fright. Come, we'll take a taxi so you can go home and *wash* it. Whatever got into you? And—heavens! You don't say that you're wearing hair that's not your own?"

"But Billy," she stammered, "you always admire beautiful women—and I look now like any number of them. I am beautiful," she almost sobbed, "and it cost—it cost like anything!"

"I don't care how much it cost so long as it comes off," he said as he helped her into a taxi.

But going home in the traffic their taxi was alongside a smart limousine in which sat two girls who had not thought the Lord's attention upon their faces sufficient.

"Pretty girls, those," said Billy.

"Oh, are they?" Margaret smiled wanly despite the creams and rouge.

Then the Fat Would Be in the Fire

Editor—For heaven's sake, stop deluging me with your stuff. Isn't there anything that will dam this flood of poetry?

Poet—Well, just you try putting a check on it and see.

To a Maiden

By Edward Anthony

THE verses I sent you, you coolly rejected,
You called 'em poor piping,
Not knowing that all of the flaws you detected
Were errors in typing.
A science that ever for me has had terrors
(O sad circumstance!)
You oughtn't to let typographical errors
Bust up a romance!

Wait for the Wagon!

Mackintosh (to his elder who has advised him to try to check his strong language at golf by picking up pebbles, one for every profane word, and bringing them to the elder on Sunday after church)—Here, mon, is a handfu' for "bothers," and here is anither for "hangs."

Elder—Well, that's no verra dreadfu', I'm thinking.

Mackintosh—Aye, but bide awee; there's a cart coming wi' the "damns."

Drawn by Chester I. Garde

He—It's hard enough to be rejected, but when you take this occasion to wear the jewelry I've given you, it is too much!

Drawn by HUBERT WHATLEY + A. C.

"WHAT DOES THIS FRIEND OF YOURS LOOK LIKE, EDNA?"
"HE'S JUST WONDERFUL! RATHER DARK, WITH A TWIN SIX ROADSTER AND CREDIT AT ALL THE RESTAURANTS."

Pretentious Inexperience

By HOWARD B. CUSHMAN

IT'S funny how prone we are to appear experienced, nay hardened, in enacting the little by-scenes of our life's journey, even though the performance be our first one. Instead of telling the attendant that this is in reality our first Turkish bath, we recite a lot of blither about being more used to the methods in Chicago. And does he prefer our taking the hot room or the swimming pool to start with? And rather than confide in the porter that this is our première in an upper berth, we scorn his offer of a ladder, and indelicately place an inexperienced foot upon the pillow of our nether neighbor. Such is the trait of the city bred, and of those who would appear to be; for it is the sign of the rube and the rustic to ask an honest question of ways and means in such matters. Perhaps some American centers of the future will bring forth an occasional soul frank enough to confess to inexperience—but we doubt it.

Everybody's Doing It

By MABEL HAUGHTON COLLYER

I SNEAKED into the Automat
To snatch a bite of lunch—
Slouched in a chair, pulled down my hat—
Looked 'round—and saw "the bunch"!

I stepped into a bargain shop
For outfits cheap but new—
Looked 'round and thought I'd fairly drop—
The "gang" was parked there, too!

I sold my car—you all know why—
The subway served my ends—
My ribs were almost caved in by
The elbows of my friends!

And now I read with keen delight
On placards through the town,
"The prices that were out of sight
Are slowly coming down!"

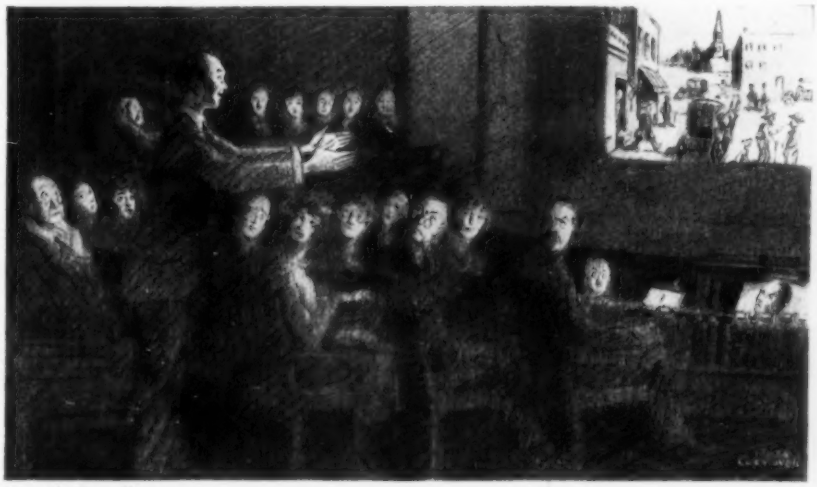
A Bill for Chicken Feed

"To think they call this chicken feed!" mourned the Collegian, as he mulled over a handful of nickels and dimes. "I never fed a chicken on less than a five-dollar bill in my life."

Legal Rates

"The Judge gave that workingman who was arrested ten days, and added ten days more to the sentence when he grew insolent."

"Time and overtime—eh?"



Drawn by RUSS WESTOVER

IF SOME OF US ACTED THE WAY WE FELT WHEN WE SAW OUR OLD HOME TOWN ON THE SCREEN.

Guide to New York No. 6

Drawn by John Held, Jr.

125th Street

A mixture of near-silk and satin,
On the outskirts of Manhattan,
Who believes that those who pass
Must recognize in her "Some Class."
She might have gathered much renown
Had she remained in some small town.

Windows

By Berton Braley

We're livin' out here in the country now
An' I guess it's the place to be.
Where there's sun and air; an' yet, somehow,
It don't give no thrill to me.
We're outa the city's dust an' heat
But often my heart will cry
For my tenement window on Baxter Street
Where I watched as the world went by.

Why here, when I leans on the window-sill,
There's nothin' to greet my gaze
But a road that's empty an' lone an' still
Unchangin' for days an' days;
Then I feels my pulse get a faster beat
When I think of what met my eye
When I leaned from my window in Baxter Street
An' watched as the world went by.

There was crowds an' movement an' dirt an' noise
An' it never was twict the same;
There was men and women an' girls an' boys
I seen from my window frame,
There was babies sprawlin' underfeet
Where the fightin' an' fun ran high,
When I leaned from my window on Baxter Street
An' watched as the world went by.

An' I needn't to stir from that window there
To know how the whole world rolls
With its love an' hate an' its joy an' care
An' its battles that stir men's souls;
An' so, though the country air is sweet
An' it's roomy and free, I sigh
Sometimes for my window on Baxter Street
Where I watched as the world went by.

The Girl He Loved

By Katherine Negley

Charlie Henry sat dreaming of the Girl.

She had brown hair with a touch of auburn and her eyes matched her hair exactly. Her skin was ivory white, her cheeks were shell pink and her lips were coral red. Her head was just an inch below his shoulder, she was slender but so sweetly rounded that not a bone showed.

He liked to be seen out with her for she dressed so exquisitely. She was not bold in society yet she was never shy or awkward. She never flirted yet it was plain every man who saw her envied Charlie Henry.

She listened when he wanted to talk and talked when he wanted to listen. She was always sunny and sweet. She knew how to love—after he taught her, of course.

Everyone wondered where Charlie Henry had found such a wonderful girl.

He hadn't found her. She was just the girl he dreamed about and *hoped* to find—some day.

Ambiguousness

"Hell!"

"Ireland or Russia?"

Drawn by Crawford Young

Grocer (to Bookkeeper)—I guess ye better get busy now an' make out the monthly bills, Miss Smith, an' don't be afraid to use a little imagination.

"A BRIGHT, SMILING YOUNG WOMAN APPEARED ON THE STAIRWAY."

Leave It to Youth

By J. A. WALDRON

Illustration by LAWRENCE FELLOWS

ARTHUR WILSON, just home from college with honors, was in the den of his father awaiting a paternal appointment. The elder Wilson, who had come up from small beginnings, had stock farms, creameries, and other institutions of the milk traffic, and one of his smaller holdings was a dairy in the fashionable suburb in which the Wilsons lived that catered to local wants. A manager of this dairy posed as proprietor.

Arthur's sister, Blanche, was also home from a modish finishing school in New York. The father, conscious of his own early disadvantages, had lavished money on his children.

Steven Wilson found Arthur waiting for him and came at once to the point. "You'll have to manage the business some time, my boy," he said.

"All right, I'm willing, Governor. I've had my fling at college."

"My check-book can testify to that. The wonder to me is that you've accomplished so much as a student at the same time. It means that you can win out in business. But you must begin at the bottom."

"Just where is the bottom?"

"A milk route is one detail. Jones, manager of the local dairy, wants a man."

"You mean I'm to be what they call 'The Milkman'?"

"Just that for a starter."

"I'm not proud, and you'll see that I can deliver milk as well as another."

"Good! Go to it! I'll see Jones. Report to him this afternoon and find out what time you start. You'll have to be an early bird, I assure you!"

Arthur laughed as he left his father and sought his sister to tell her the news. He found her in her room unpacking and arranging her treasures. She screamed with amusement when Arthur told her he was going to be a milkman—for the present.

"Don't laugh at me, Blanche. You don't know what father may have in store for you. It may be a milkmaid for yours. You'd make a stunner!"

"I've other plans," she replied, as she sorted favorites out of a lot of photographs.

"Who is this girl?" Arthur asked, picking up one of the pictures and turning it about to the light.

"My chum at Miss Denning's school."

"Some damsel. What's her moniker?"

"She's too nice to be slanged."

"'Slanged'! What a word! Is that the vocabulary of your finishing school? I didn't mean to 'slang' this queen. I'd like to meet her."

"I'll not tell you her name. She's too nice for a youth fresh from college. And I fancy she wouldn't look at a milkman."

"Well, when you see that I'm going to settle down—I shall not be a milkman long—you may change your mind. This is the first girl I've seen, if her photograph may be depended upon, that I'd like for keeps."

"Oh, she's prettier than that!"

"I don't believe it!" And Arthur started for the dairy to interview Jones.

The dairy manager was deferential to the Wilson heir as the young man appeared in the festive raiment affected by his kind, but an air of incredulity seasoned deference. Arthur dissipated any doubt in Jones's mind, however, by a youthful enthusiasm over his unusual job. And the next morning at 5.30 a.m., having in the meantime been introduced at the stables, the young man, in new overalls, mounted the milk wagon for his first rounds, with a boy who knew the route.

Arthur quickly mastered the names of customers and other details, and put a lot of energy into the work. His hours, of course, were so changed that he had no time for the social program he had mapped out.

One morning at a handsome suburban place occupied by a family named Dean, Arthur found a note in a fine feminine hand under one of the half-dozen empty bottles left to be replaced by full bottles.

"Daddums," the note read, "will you forgive me if I'm not up in the morning? It's very late after the party, and I shall be tired, and the new maid and cook will not be here until tomorrow. I'd just love to get breakfast for you, but you'll get a better one in town. I know you'll want your usual drink of fresh milk, and so I put this note with the bottles. Here's a morning kiss!"

Arthur liked a practical joke. The note was a mystery to him, but he wrote another on its reverse and left it with the full bottles. "Honey," he wrote, "I'll forgive you this morning, but I want breakfast tomorrow morning sure. And here's a kiss for it!"

The next morning Arthur found under one of several empty bottles three appetizing sandwiches daintily wrapped, with this: "The note you impertinently answered was meant for my father, but I know a milkman must be hungry. Help yourself!"

Arthur left this response: "Thank you! I wish I might have dinner with you some day!" But he had frightened his correspondent. There were no more notes.

The milk bills of houses of the better sort were paid monthly by checks. Others were collected the first of the month by the milkman, the route being covered that day by an extra man. Arthur told the cashier of the dairy that he wanted to take the Dean bill, which had always been paid by check, in person. He was very curious about the young woman. He argued that she must be young and goodlooking, for youth has a logic all its own. In his own motor—a fast roadster that had been idle for weeks—and dressed with the smartness of his real condition, he started out in fine spirits.

Arthur presented himself at the Dean place with the bill. He had learned that Miss Dean was housekeeper for her father, a widower. A maid opened the door. He stepped in and told her he wished to see her mistress.

The maid delivered the message. A bright, smiling young woman appeared on the stairway and slowly descended. An elaborate morning gown enhanced her winsomeness. She was quite self-possessed.

Arthur as a college athlete had always been noted for his poise and for confidence in any situation. But now he was in a funk.

"What is it?" the girl asked, looking roguishly at him. "Is this the milkman—Mr. Wilson?"

"Y-y-es," stammered Arthur. "And are you Miss Dean?"

She was Miss Dean—the original of the photograph of his sister's chum.

Personal

Hostess—Do you think royalty will ever be entirely abolished?

Author—I hope not. How could we writers exist then?

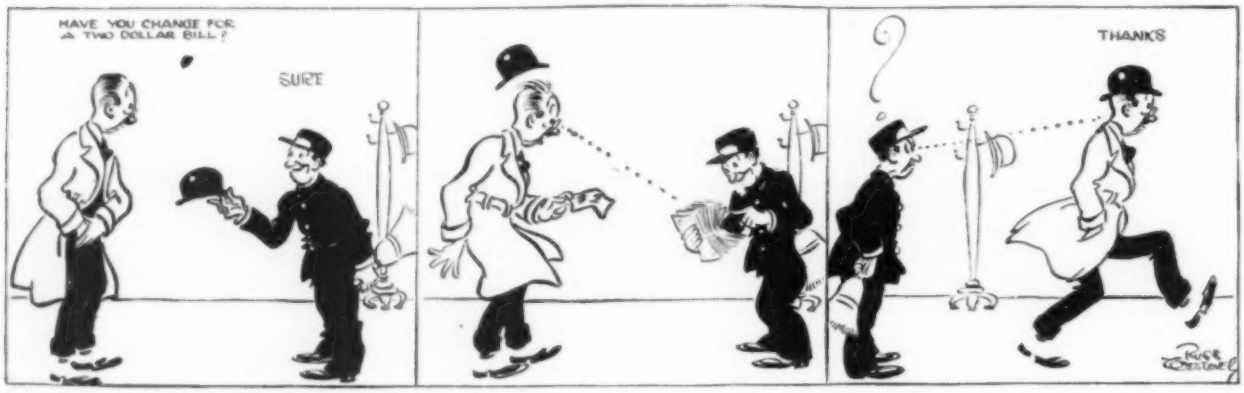
As Potent as an Exclusion Law

The movie comedies are going to keep a lot of foreigners out of this country if they don't stop portraying lions roaming the corridors of hotels and winding in and out of the rooms.

Excused

Judge—Officer, you say you arrested this gentleman for speeding. Did he give any excuse for breaking the law?

Policeman—Yes, sir. He said he was going to church.

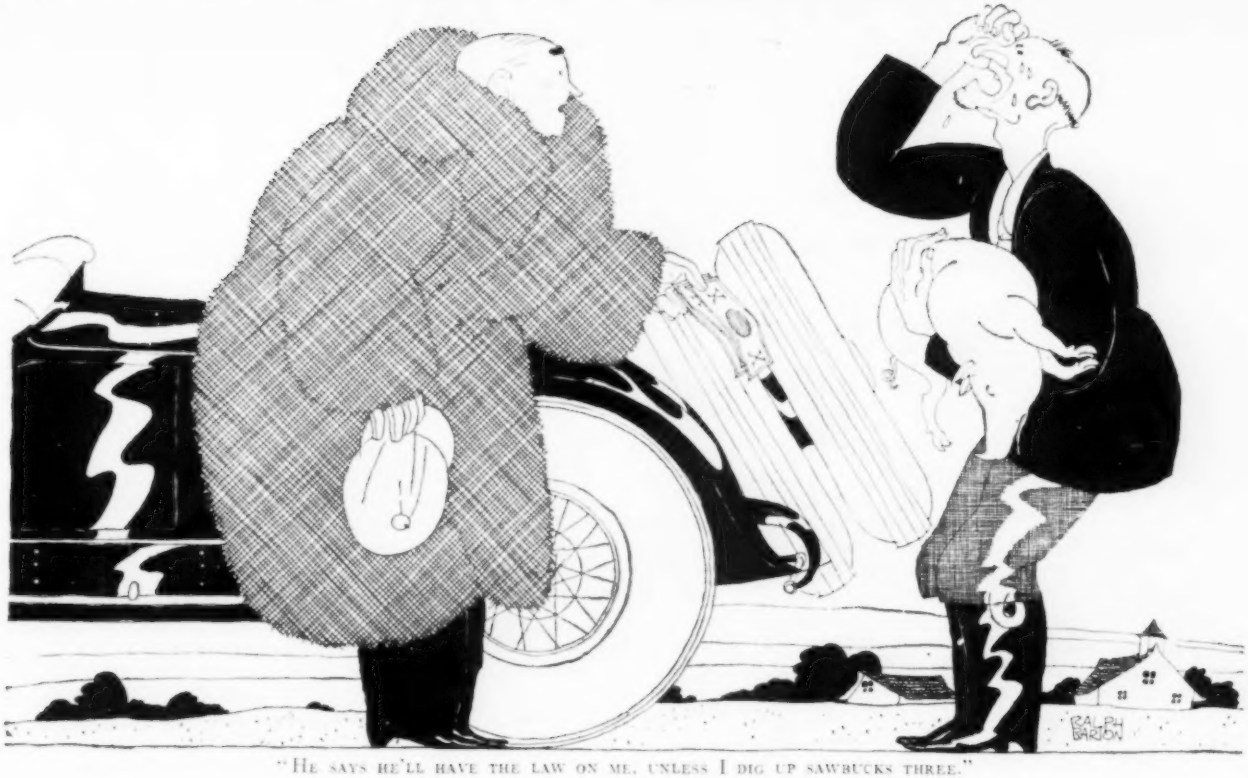


Drawn by Russ Westover

"I'LL GIVE HIM A QUARTER TIP, POOR FELLOW, I GUESS HE NEEDS IT THESE TOUGH TIMES."

? ? ? ? ?

"I'VE CHANGED MY MIND."



"He says he'll have the law on me, unless I dig up sawbucks three."

Along the Road

By Walt Mason

Illustration by Ralph Barton

ALONG the road I blithely spin, in my nice limousine of tin; the weather is divinely fair, and there is tonic in the air, and much I pity those who can't get out like me and gallivant.

A man on foot is just ahead; he plods along with weary tread; he looks at me, pathetic-eyed, and, speechless, begs me for a ride. Oh, some can meet that sort of gaze, and go unmoved their dizzy ways, but I pull up my car of tin, and say, "Oh, wanderer, get in!"

And he gets in and takes a seat, and on the carpet parks his feet, and then he talks a dreary streak that leaves me jaded, wan and weak. He talks of all the things I hate; of statesmen who neglect to state, of politics in every guise, official liars and their lies, and of the weather and the crops; he talks and talks, and never stops.

And when I dump him from my boat, I say "I'll bet a silver groat I'll not invite another jay to climb aboard and ride a way."

Oh, walkers on the highway wide, when some one offers you a ride, step modestly into the car, and do not swing your jaw ajar. Perhaps the man who drives the wain has private thoughts upon his brain; perhaps he doesn't care two bricks what you may think of politics; perhaps he hungers for no yawps about the weather and the crops.

So keep, while pistons choo and chug, a silencer upon your mug, and so you'll always get a ride, when shining autos by you glide.

Along the country road I roam, some twenty parasangs from home, and presently I break a cog by running down a farmer's hog. The swine deserved the death it died, for all the road rules it defied, while I was burning up the soil according to the rules of Hoyle.

And now the farmer comes apace, with righteous anger on his face. He says he'll have the law on me, unless I dig up sawbucks three.

"Pay thirty bones!" I cry, in ire; "and your blamed pig has spoiled a tire!"

"That pig," the farmer says, "by chee, was worth full fifty bucks to me. Its pedigree was out of sight; it was a full-blood Chester White, destined to win this fall, I swear, the first prize at the county fair. He was my solace and my pride, the finest in the countryside, the staff of my declining years—excuse me while I shed some tears. And now you come, with your cheap car, and from that creature knock the tar, and balk at shelling thirty bones, despite my anguished sighs and groans."

Oh, I could face the farmer's ire, and sass him like a house afire; but when he leans against my neck and sheds the briny by the peck, he gets my goat and I disburse the hard-earned contents of my purse.

And all the critters I may slay are pedigreed, the same old way. The scrubby hen on which I swoop was from some monarch's royal coop; the mongrel pup becomes a dear that cleaned the bench shows up last year. All sorts of things my spirit goad as I choo-choo along the road.

JUDGE

REUBEN P. SLEICHER, *President* GEORGE I. SLEICHER, *Secretary* A. E. ROLLAUER, *Treasurer* GRANT E. HAMILTON, *Art Editor*
PERRITON MAXWELL, *Editor* JAMES S. METCALFE, *Contributing Editor* J. A. WALDRON, *Associate Editor*

OUR dear, old, stodgy friend, Mr. *Punch* of London, has just been having a lot of fun with the United States, prefacing his rather lengthy jeer with the novel discovery that although we call ourselves America, we are not really America, you know, but only a part of it. Mr. *Punch* has evidently forgotten the axiom that very often a part is greater than the whole.

This discovery he follows with the equally novel one that we Americans do not appreciate British humor. It is a pleasure to give him verification of this discovery by recalling the handsome royalties America has paid on the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, the success of many very British comedies and comedians in this country, and the fact that when American editors reprint Mr. *Punch's* own jokes they do *not* find it necessary to use the Italics which Mr. *Punch* relies upon to make the points of the jokes understandable to British readers.

THESE are the most trivial of his charges. He becomes serious, almost tearful, when he touches on what he claims is our national attitude towards the Irish difficulties. So far this country has taken no national attitude. Mr. *Punch's* years entitle him to know what is patent to any observer, that the Irishman in any community, and particularly in any difficulty, makes a noise entirely out of proportion to his numerical importance. He is always influential in boards of aldermen and similar legislative bodies, so Mr. *Punch* should not take it seriously and as a national expression when they vote that important privilege, "the liberty of the city" to representatives of the ancestral island from which they emigrated with advantage to the island, to themselves, and in many respects to this country. He might with equal justice hold all Britain to blame if the Board of Beadles of Clapham Junction should adopt a resolution upholding the headhunters of Borneo.

The suggestion that it was our duty to clap De Valera into a dungeon, and that we should prevent private persons and societies sending funds to Ireland may be only a bit of subtle Punchian satire on England's harboring of the enemies of every government and of the English mercantile practice of financing all sorts of revolutions to further British trade in far-off countries. The satire may be directed at the memory of dum-dum bullets in Birmingham boxes, or of British guns and ammunition supplied to the Alabama to kill American sailors, or of some of England's practices in dealing with the natives of defenceless states.

Mr. *Punch* must certainly be credited with the ability to distinguish between the motives of British business and Irish sentimentalism.

THE same humorous criticism is extended by implication to our free speech—almost as free as that in Hyde Park of a Sunday afternoon—when it is exercised by Irish-Americans prosperous enough to hire a hall. American humor doesn't go so far as to hold the English responsible for the opinions of the Hyde Park orators and wouldn't, even if they openly advocated arming warships to come over here and blow every blessed one of our Prohibitionists to a place warmer than Florida.

Mr. *Punch* makes the unfortunate mistake of going back to our own Civil War to strengthen his criticism of America for not taking active steps to prohibit Irish-American aid to the present agitation in Ireland. Years have softened all the bitter recollections of that conflict, but they have not destroyed knowledge of the fact that British business selfishness was responsible for the crowding of many a Southern cemetery. If we as a nation are not active against the misguided sympathies of a fraction of our people, it is through no sordid motive.

ONE dreadful penalty dangled before our eyes by Mr. *Punch* is that, if we do not heed his suggestions we may become the laughing stock of Europe. Strangely, this awful thought does not terrify us deeply. We have been used to that position from the earliest days when our newly rich began to splosh their money abroad and marry their daughters to decadent and impoverished Europeans down to the time that Mr. Wilson was outwitted largely through British commercial diplomacy. That our favors have been greedily accepted in Britain and on the Continent, and that the laughing has been politely done in the sleeve, does not blind the more perceptive of us to the knowledge of the tardiness of the threat.

JUDGE holds no brief for Irish assassins nor for their supporters in America. It regrets that the melting-pot metaphor, propounded dramatically by an English Jew and ridiculed by Mr. *Punch*, should not have become more quickly true in the case of our second and third generation American citizens of Irish descent. If England in its centuries of opportunity has not been able to make over Irish human nature, it seems hardly fair to criticize us for not having done it in a much shorter time.

The bond of consanguinity which unites America and England is too real and too valuable to both countries to be flippantly invoked. Even when England's leading exponent of British humor becomes serious in a moment of national stress, it seems to be a mistake to let its emotion take the form of criticism which only stirs up recrimination and leads to international ill-feeling. JUDGE would much rather see Mr. *Punch* stick to his Italicized Jokes.

Digest of the World's Humor

BABIES

Fingerprinting Baby—A campaign is now under way to require the fingerprints of all babies, records to be preserved for identification purposes in any misfortune which may come to them throughout their lives.

Fathers interviewed said the plan would check an enormous waste of effort. Babies have been finger-printing themselves ever since the human race first crossed the starting line, but the records have never been preserved.

1. Papa's linen collar.
2. Daddy's shirt bosom.
3. The leaves of the Harvard Classics or the Century Dictionary. These volumes, and the like, always seem the most eagerly sought after by a two-year-old on a lark in the library.
4. The suit of the Old-Gentleman-Who-Sits-in-the-Seat-Just-Ahead-of-Baby on the train.
5. Any white woodwork or window-sills.

Parents in registering the prints should proceed in the following manner:

1. Get one jar of raspberry jam.
2. Get baby. (Possibly this should be done first.)
3. Allow an interval of fifteen seconds to elapse.
4. If the print is to be taken on a collar the father should sit on the floor, back to the baby, and repeat softly, "Come snooum-ookums," until the kid grabs the idea. Not more than fifty fingerprints should be taken on any one collar.
5. Set collar in a cool place to dry.
6. Attach the infant's name and picture on the inside of the collar.
7. File the collar away in a card index.

If a parent prefers to register the prints on a shirt bosom all he needs to do is to take the child on his lap and say severely, "Don't touch popsy's shirt! Naughty man will eat you if you do." Inside of five seconds it will be possible to file the shirt, although a larger card index cabinet is needed if prints are taken this way.

In taking the prints on book leaves no preliminary preparation is necessary beyond cautioning the child never to go into the library or touch a book.—*Kansas City Star.*

The Trials of Youth

Old Geat—Do you know what happens to little boys who smoke?

Little Boy—Yes. They gets picked on by nosey old men.—*London Mail.*

Why Not Be Explicit?—A proud young father telegraphed the news of his happiness to his brother in these words:

"A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew."

The brother, however, failed to see the point, and wired back: "I have not got a nephew. The young man is an impostor and a fraud."—*Boston Globe.*

Dangerous Height—*Baby's Mother*—What do you think of the new nursemaid, George?

Baby's Father—She looks capable, my dear; but she is so terribly tall. Think what a distance poor baby will have to fall when she drops him!—*Answers (London).*

MONEY

The Butcher, the Baker, Etc.—*Flatbush*—Do you believe that every man has his price?

Bensonhurst—I certainly do, and the worst of it is about every blame one of 'em's getting it these days.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Financial Flights—"Why do they call the financial backer of a show 'an angel'?"

"I can't figure it out clearly," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes; "but I think the fact that riches have wings must have something to do with it."—*Washington Star.*

Great Expectations—"Son," said the eminent capitalist, "at the rate you are going, you will never acquire a competency."

"Why not, dad?" inquired the gilded youth. "You surely don't expect to live forever?"—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

The Reason—"He is very long in paying his bills."

"That is because he is generally short."—*Baltimore American.*

Conditions Changed—"When Burroughs first came into the neighborhood he was very sociable, but now he seems to want to keep everybody at a distance."

"That's natural enough; everybody is a creditor of his now."—*Boston Transcript.*

Acute Suffering—"I wish you'd ask somebody else to collect this bill from Mr. Wadleigh," said the new collector.

"What's the matter?"

"I've had some experience in calling on Mr. Wadleigh for another firm. He pays, but his groans are so heartrending I'm unfit for work the rest of the day."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Professional Technicalities

Water Company's Men (to Gas Company's men)—Hurry up, youse, and fill that ditch so's we can come and open it again.—Horpen (Christiania).

JOURNALISM

The Editor Left Home—Editor Lue Roe of the *Montivideo News* is taking a leave of absence from active duty that includes attendance at the legion convention at Duluth and a family reunion somewhere in Wisconsin. The leave was made necessary through publication in his paper of a statement that a bride's costume was trimmed with "real lice." When he returns he will no doubt give more attention to the little things.—*Benson (Minn.) Monitor.*

Magnanimous—Will E. Baker, city editor of *The Kansas City Star*, called at this office yesterday, accompanied by Ben Eaton, one of the staff. We regret that we were not in, as we had a curiosity to see the chumps who work their legs off for that paper. The *Star*, although less than two months old, is a great success, having a circulation of 4,300, and money in the bank.—*Ed Howe, in the Atchison Globe.*

"Stop the Papper!"—The *Medicine Index* prints the following letter from a subscriber who evidently knew what he wanted:

"Please stop the papper.

"It is a good papper. I like it and so does the old woman and the kids.

"We don't like no other papper so good as *The Index*, but we are taking a lot of them that ain't no worse than *The Index*. We'll stop some of them maybe and then take *The Index*.

"We don't know what we would do without *The Index*. It's a good papper.

"Please stop the papper."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Explaining It—Money is short and paper is high. The devil himself couldn't keep up the fire if the coal didn't come in.—*Adams Enterprise.*

He Should Worry!

She—Oh, Harold! That new housemaid has dropped my diamond ring down the sink.

He—Never mind, dear, I'll take it out of her next month's wages.—*Passing Show (London).*

YOUNGSTERS

From McGuffey's Third Reader.—An obese gentleman slipped on the muddy walk and fell with such ferocity that if an artist had drawn the scene he would have depicted stars on the ends of wires protruding in every direction from the point where the pave and the luckless man's person came into juxtaposition. The victim of the accident lay on his back, opening and shutting his mouth like an obfuscated clam, and saying no more. A bright-faced lad in a natty khaki uniform stepped up.

"Unfortunate sir," he said, just like that. "I am a Boy Scout. One of the tenets of our order is to do a good turn each day. Before I joined the troop I loafed around a pool hall quite a good deal. Permit me to swear for you!"

Ah, children, was he not a helpful scout?—*Kansas City Star.*

A Discovery—"Say, Pa!"

"Well, what now?"

"I'll bet you hollered when you were a boy."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I just let grandma wash my ears, an' gosh, she hurts twice as much as Ma does."—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Own Boss Came First—A boy dashed into a broker's office with news bulletins. As he turned to leave a member of the firm called out: "Here, you seem to have some pep. Get me a box of cigars in the lobby and keep the change."

The boy hesitated, although a five-dollar bank-note was thrust into his hands. Finally he stammered: "I would like to get you cigars, but we are short of boys, and I have a big route to cover. I'll come back when I deliver these bulletins." With that he left the office.

"Are you going to wait until he returns?" asked a customer.

"You bet I am," replied the broker. "In these days it is a pleasure to meet a boy who works for his boss first. Furthermore, I am going to put him on the payroll."

And he did.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Would Take the Harder Task—*Mother*—Bessie, why don't you wash the dishes? It is easier to do a thing than to sit and think about it.

Bessie—Well, mother, you wash the dishes and I'll sit and think about it.—*Boston Transcript.*

COURTING

He Knew Too Much—"I thought sure Jack and Miss Flyrtie would make a match of it. What caused the break?"

"It was all due to Jack's unfortunate knowledge of Shakespeare. You see when he proposed, Miss Flyrtie said: 'Well, here's my hand and my heart with it. 'Twas mine; 'tis yours.'

"'And has been slave to thousands,' quoted Jack without thinking—"and it was all off in the twinkling of an eye."—*Boston Transcript.*

Doubts Dispelled—"What's happened to Blondie all of a sudden?" asked Claudine of the rapid-fire restaurant. "She's been in the indigo for days, but now she's as chirky as a medder lark."

"She's satisfied about Spike," replied Heloise of the same establishment. "She asked him on the street last night if he really and truly loved her, and he slapped her jaw right in front of a picture show for having any doubt of it."—*Kansas City Star.*

When Love Is Young—She was a petite brunette, young, pretty and vivacious.

He was a sailor boy, stalwart, handsome and bold.

Together, as they stood there in front of the department store, facing each other, holding hands, and looking into each other's eyes, they appeared as if they might have stepped right off the cover of a popular magazine.

The boy pressed both of the girl's hands, patted them gently, and said:

"Well—goo' bye!"

But he didn't release the hands.

Looking into the eyes of the boy, upward, the girl cooed:

"Goo' bye, John."

Fifteen minutes later, standing in the same spot, the boy, still holding the girl's willing hands, said earnestly:

"Well, goo' bye!"

And again, for the steenth time, the maid sweetly breathed into the willing face (he was still facing her) of the youth:

"Goo' bye, John."

It was—no, it wasn't quite a half hour later that the onlooker, again passing the spot (inquisitive busybody), again noticed the pair.

The boy was looking adoringly down into the girl's brown eyes and saying:

"Well, goo' bye!"

Very Delicatessen

Customer—WHY DO YOU HAVE THIS ROUND RAIL? IS IT TO STOP CUSTOMERS FROM STEALING YOUR GOODS?

Shop-keeper—NO. IT'S FOR THEM TO GRIP WHEN THEY HEAR OUR PRICES.—*Kærikaturen (Christiania).*

And the girl, with admiration glowing in her eyes, was gazing up into the open countenance of the boy and saying:

"Goo' bye, John."

Then the onlooker had to leave.

Isn't it too bad he couldn't have stayed there until he could have reported whether or not the boy kissed her?

Anyway, it was a pretty picture, and it didn't last a bit too long.—*Youngstown Telegram*

WET AND DRY

Home-Brew a Delusion—*Dibbs*—What's your opinion of the Malthusian theory?

Dabbs—Aw, it takes a regular brewmaster to turn out any malt beverage fit to enthuse over!—*Buffalo Express.*

Ways of Women—"Women are inconsistent."

"What now?"

"Take Mrs. Flubdub. She always objected to her husband drinking."

"Well?"

"Now she's trying to manufacture home brew for him."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Perfect Li'l Gentleman—*Mrs. Goodhart*—What would you say if I gave you a nice drink of lemonade?

Neighbor's Child (aged six)—Here's lookin' at you!—*Buffalo Express.*

Busy Bucket—"The old oaken bucket doesn't hang in the well any more," remarked Uncle Bill Bottletop.

"Where is it now?"

"They've got it out in the kitchen mixin' yeast cakes into it."—*Washington Star.*

An Ideal Country House

Proprietor—THE PLACE IS VERY HEALTHY. IT IS LIGHT AND AIRY, WITH RUNNING WATER, NEAR TO TELEPHONE AND STATION.—*Don Quixote (Rio de Janeiro).*

An Art By-Product

Artist—WILL IT BE NECESSARY TO ENCLOSE STAMPS WITH ANY SKETCHES I SEND YOU?
Editor—OH, YES. MORE NECESSARY EVEN THAN TO ENCLOSE SKETCHES.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

MATRIMONY

Home Truths—"I suppose you want to discuss the matter with your wife."

"Dear me, no! My wife and I never discuss things—the most we can ever do is dispute about them."—*Boston Transcript.*

More Like It—"Boobleigh's marriage was the result of love at first sight."

"But he married a clairvoyant, didn't he?"

"Oh, well, say love at second sight, then."—*Buffalo Express.*

She Explains—"Well, why don't you divorce him?"

"Aw, he couldn't pay enough alimony to make it worth while."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Experience—No other solemn subject yields so readily to japery as that of the marital relation. We might cite the case of Buck Kilby who, on being asked where he met his wife, said, "I didn't meet her; she overtook me." The endeavor of the three Willoughby girls comes readily to mind. It was said of the Willoughby girls—we know it was said of them, because we said it—that they had given a street parade every afternoon for ten years and had never succeeded in selling a ticket to the evening performance.

Marsh Whitlock's delayed and belated marriage was one in point. Marsh married so late in life that his surrender piqued the curiosity of the natives. When they asked him why he did it, he said he was out of breath. But none of these incidents really settles the issue raised.—*Jay E. House, in Public Ledger.*

Aerial Wiggle-Wobbles

Sympathetic Neighbor—POOR MRS. JOHANSON! HER HUSBAND RETURNING HOME DRUNK AGAIN!—*Kasper (Stockholdm).*

DARKYISMS

As It is Spoken—"Doctah," said the patient with a corneal opacity of the left eye. "Ah wants you to 'zamine me. I'se got a hurtin' in mah haid an' a pain in mah stummick. An' ah kaint 'zern nuthin' outter dat eye. An' I'se all corrupted down here"—(pointing to an inguinal hernia). "Ah done polticed dis bile on mah back wif chicken feathers, onion skin an' axle grease, but hit won't git well. Ah wants you to give me a complete financial overhaulin'."—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Explained—Two Florida darkies were watching a balloon ascension. The younger darkey looked up at the big bag in amazement and then said:

"I wonder what keeps that ba-loon up in the air that-a-way?"

"Well," replied the older darkey, "it is caused by various causes. Sometimes it is caused by one cause, and then again sometimes it is caused by another cause."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Willing to Risk It—Uncle Mose had put green paint on the garden seat and the boss had sat on it, ruining the new cream-colored trousers that Uncle Mose coveted.

"Ah, done tried everything, boss—soap, ga'line, hot iron——"

"Did you try ammonia?"

"No, boss, no," he answered brightening. "Ah ain't tried 'em-on-me, but Ah knows dey'll fit."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Medicated—As I was putting my car into the garage the other night one of the colored gentry who chauffs for another victim of the same garage approached:

"Doctah, what kin' o' medicine is formaldehyde?"

"Well, that's pretty strong medicine!"

"How about four drops on a piece of sugar."

"That ought to do something."

"How come Ah ask—mah wife, she's gone to the drug-sto' an' ask fo' some oil of winter-green 'count she got a sour stumach an' he's give her formaldehyde. She's took four drops on a piece of sugah an' now she's a layin' on de bed, an' from de way she shift herself aroun' ah reckon she do be havin' a powerful burnin'."—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

TOUGH HIDES

The Old-Fashioned Sabbath—*Lucrezia Borgia*—My brothers and I were never allowed to talk over the telephone on Sunday.

Emp. Nero—I did not permit my chauffeurs to take the motor cars out on the Sabbath; nor did I use them myself on that day.

Bloody Queen Mary—Nobody in my entourage neglected Sunday school in order to read the Sunday newspaper.

Richard III—I never went for a canoe trip on the first day of the week.

Captain Kidd—Maybe I didn't always do right, but no one can say I ever went for a trolley trip on Sunday.

Catherine of Russia—I never attended a Sunday motion picture show in my life, nor did I ever condone such a practice.

Guy Fawkes—We never had a Sunday newspaper in the house.

Cleopatra—I have yet to see a Sunday baseball game.

Attila the Hun—It didn't even occur to myself or my associates to take an unnecessary railroad trip upon the Sabbath.

J. Caesar—I am not a member of any golf club which permits playing on Sunday.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Nervy—"Pardon me, miss. Although a perfect stranger, I must tell you that you are beautiful."

"Sir, I shall call a policeman."

"I am sure he will agree with me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sidewalk and Fireside—"Some of these Soviet people are pretty much worried about the winter."

"I thought mebbe they would be," rejoined Farmer Corntossel. "The trouble with sovietism, as far as I can make out, is too much soap-box and not enough wood-box."—*Washington Star.*

Way It Goes—"My butcher congratulated me today on the rumor that clothes are going down."

"Well?"

"He was so nice about it that of course I couldn't kick when he charged me a little more for meat."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Specializing Parrot—"Are you the man who sold me this parrot yesterday?"

Mrs. Giddigad appeared to be greatly excited and very angry.

"Yes," Hemmandhaw admitted.

"And you told me it was a great talker, didn't you?"

"Why, yes——"

"Well, sir, the blamed old thing won't say a word until after I have given it half a dozen crackers."

"I forgot to mention one thing."

"What's that?"

"This parrot is strictly an after-dinner speaker."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Prophetic

The Screen—YES, I'M AFRAID IT'S GOING TO BE A COLD OUTLOOK THIS WINTER FOR SOME POOR BEGGARS.—*London Saturday Journal.*

YANKS

The Ultimate Source—When, after the armistice, General Pershing started the custom of genial and buddyish inspections, mingling with the men and clapping them on the shoulder, he was a little green at it, thanks to a year and more of unbending and terrifying surveys of his troops. Therefore he was easily nonplused, and one unexpected reply he got from a thrice-wounded soldier in the 165th infantry cramped his style for the rest of the day. He had put his hand, friendly like, on the old warrior's shoulder and said kindly:

"Sergeant, where did you get those three wound stripes?"

The soldier looked him square in the eye and replied:

"From the supply sergeant, sir."—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Army Habit—*Lady Shopper*—Pajamas, size thirty-six.

Ex-Supply Sergeant (in reverie)—Where's yer old ones? Gotta turn 'em in; gotta see yer old ones.—*The Red Diamond.*

Without Reservation

She—I'VE CONFIDED THE SECRET OF OUR ENGAGEMENT TO JUST THREE OF MY DEAREST FRIENDS.

He—THREE, ALL TOLD?

She—YES—*all* TOLD.—*Lustige Blaetter (Berlin).*

JUDGE at the Play

"EAST or West, old friends are best" is an adage which not infrequently holds true in the theatre, particularly with those whose calling makes it necessary for them to see and hear all that the theatre has to offer, be it good, bad or worse.

"Erminie" is a very old friend indeed, even though her reproducers have decked her out with handsome new stage settings, modernized costumes, new lines and up-to-date stanzas, with fresh topics for the famous "Dickey-bird" song. The old melodies are all retained, well sung, and it is to be hoped that it is not only a confession of age to maintain that they are, even today, far better material for comic opera, musical comedy or girl-and-music shows than the very best brand of jazz that Tin-pan Alley can produce. Harmony and melody still have the power to delight some human ears in spite of the persistency of jazz and its frenzied followers. Which suggests the very remote thought that jazz may be the reason for the hair ear-muffs worn in their most exaggerated form by the more or less young female persons who frequent jazz palaces and associate with jazz lizards.

* * *

"ERMINIE" without Mr. Francis Wilson is almost as unthinkable as beer with less than 2.75, but although the law says we may have only the latter we are still permitted to see Mr. Wilson in his famous rôle of the preposterous *Caddy* with apparently no lessening of his original wonderful energy and certainly no diminution of the fun which he now transmits from the part to an entirely new generation of laugh-enjoyers. *Ravy*, the other thief, was always by way of being a "feeder" to *Caddy*, but with Mr. DeWolf Hopper in the part, his individuality lifts it from that imputation. Two other names in the cast, those of Jennie Weathersby and Madge Lessing, recall the glory that was the Casino. Of the new recruits Irene Williams as *Erminie*, and Rosamond Whiteside as *Javotte*, in the present case save memory from being only a regret.

It is a law of nature perhaps (working through the personality of the beholder) which makes revivals inferior by comparison with the remembrance of their originals. In the case of the present "Erminie" this holds distinctly not true. For purposes of present comparison it is to be doubted if any chorus in town, outside of the Metropolitan, could sing the unaccompanied choruses of "Erminie" with anything like the effect given to them at the Park.

* * *

THE great importance and the delays of unimportant things in the acting of plays produced under auspices similar to the production of "Mixed Marriage" may have some reason like the wailings of the Greek chorus in the old tragedies or the beating of the tom-tom at a Darkest Africa religious ceremony. The idea may be to irritate the nerve centers to a higher degree of receptivity for the things of real dramatic importance to come later. Certainly the repeated taking off of shoes and the putting on of carpet slippers, the hanging up and taking down of gunmen's caps, the folding and unfolding of a black shawl, continually repeated entrances and exits, may make atmosphere, but they also tend to exasperate the waiter for real action.

It may be that by contrast they give heightened importance to occurrences which would not seem so important were it not for the contrast. Mr. Ibsen is responsible for a good deal of this exaggeration of the unimportant, but back of it in his case there was a real or fancied message which his followers discovered or thought they discovered.

Because of, or in spite of, these trivialities there is no denying the grip that "Mixed Marriage" gets on its audiences. The picture Mr. Augustin Duncan makes of the old man criminally stubborn through self-conceit masquerading as righteousness is not dissimilar to his also admirable depiction of the religious bigot in "John Ferguson." Its effectiveness rests to a considerable extent on the familiarity almost all of us have with some such character in real life. *John Rainey* is the stuff that Prohibitionists are made of, and one of the very best things about him is that we can forever leave him behind when we leave the theatre.

One of the mysteries of the world is the devotion of women to a man of that type, continued though they know he is wrecking their own and their children's happiness by his ingrowing Christianity. Margaret Wycherly pictures with fine and broad strokes such a woman recognizable as a world type, though pictured here in humble Irish surroundings. The others are entirely competent in more conventional rôles, Angela McCahill giving an especially sincere impersonation of the Catholic lamb offered up as a living sacrifice to the kind of Protestant Christianity personified by *Rainey*.

Plays like "Mixed Marriage" get one, although they do not add much to the sum total of human happiness.

* * *

"PAGANS" is, or was, important only as introducing as an aspirant for stellar honors a young man bearing the far from euphonious name of Joseph Shildkraut. A play so morbid, unnatural and unskilfully made might not be a fair test for even a very good actor, but Mr. Shildkraut gave no evidence that the play was handicapping his abilities.

* * *

THE pendulum swings from the crudity of "The Pagans" to the opposite extreme in "Transplanting Jean," built exactly according to the specifications for French comedies of its kind. A first act of introduction; a second of entanglement; a third of solution. The triangle is composed of father, son and the latter's charming fiancée. The entanglement is a very pure one for French comedy and occurs completely before marriage. In fact marriage is the climax in this one, the *roué* father having, with his superior art in dealing with the fair sex, won in marriage the young woman originally betrothed to the son.

Giving away the plot, obvious from the very first, is not unfair, for it depends for its interest on lines, situations and acting. In the first particular "Transplanting Jean" is not so full of the French sparkle as one could wish. The situations are of refined comedy flavor and well removed from farce. The acting is mainly entrusted to those very well-equipped and highly successful artists, Margaret Lawrence and Mr. Arthur Byron. The play does not give them such opportunities as they have had before, and their abilities do not fit so well into a French atmosphere as into that of their own country. They would really have fared better if the play had been adapted instead of transferred to English, with its scenes and characters left French. Mr. Byron is too much of our soil to reproduce convincingly the super-exquisite Frenchman whose only books, etc., and despite the badly excused accent Margaret Lawrence is, no matter how Americanly charming, not of the French temperament.

(*Continued on page 29*)

WHAT BROADWAY IS NOW ENJOYING

HER FAMILY TREE

FRANK MORGAN
as Tom Craddock

NORA BAYES
as Nevada Nell

AL ROBERTS
as Pedro Gorgonzola

Here are Marilynn Miller and Leon Errol in "Sally." Marilynn has added to her terpsichorean note the ability to sing and act.

Barrie's terminology doesn't include "the clinch." But Ruth Chatterton and Tom Nesbit in "Mary Rose" illustrate it.

"Mary Rose," at first received by the cognoscenti coldly, is newly proving Barrie's genius for fantasy. At the right are Ruth Chatterton, Tom Nesbit and Guy Buckley—in a triangular picnic.

B A D B R E A K S

Reportorial "Fine Writing"—"Seventy-four persons were in the building at the time the alarm sounded and ALL THREE escaped."—*Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) Argus-Leader.* (*George Nelson.*)

Ponderous Acrobatic Feat—"In her room, her outer clothing removed, she pulled a shabby rocking-chair to the window and looked out upon the dimly descried trees, ghostly in their snowy habiliments. CHIN ON ELBOW, SHE PONDERED."—"*Find the Woman.*" *December Cosmopolitan.* (*Mabel Barnett.*)

Making 'Em Writhe—"In another five minutes nothing save the heavy clouds of smoke which hung over plain and town, the WRITHING of MOTIONLESS FIGURES which lay between the castle walls and the English lines, betokened that furious whirlwind of death which had so lately raged."—"*The Navy Boys at the Siege of Havana,*" *by James Otis.* (*Daniel Shiffer.*)

A Vocal Brickbat—"An attempt to burglarize the E. I. Pyes store was frustrated when the would-be burglar struck a dog with a MISSILE that BARKED and scared him away."—*Duluth (Minn.) Herald.* (*Arnold Swendson.*)

Her Dual Rôle—"The ceremony WAS PERFORMED BY GERTRUDE McCARTHY of Hartford as MAID OF HONOR, and the bridesmaids were Helen M. Miskill, a sister of the groom, and Miss Harriet Alling of East Hartford."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.* (*Nelson Beeler.*)

A Painful Dinner—"Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Waldron and Misses Myrtle and Ruth Waldron SUFFERED with W. J. Grant at dinner Sunday—Hatley Correspondent of the Russelville Courier-Democrat."—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.* (*J. H. Shepard.*)

This Week's Prize "Break"

Contributed by

F. BELLAMY

Akron, O.

An Omniverous Youth

"The BOY contained malted milk tablets, and cubes of beef extract, and goose oil, and Aunt Myra's favorite rheumatism liniment, some red flannel, a bottle of iodine, a medicine glass and a spoon."—*Akron (O.) Evening Times.*

Freedom Deserved—"Through Sewer to Freedom. Dan M. Hogan and Another Convict Crawled 454 Feet in TWO-INCH PIPE."—*Heading in Kansas City (Mo.) Star.* (*Harvey D. Rush, Jr.*)

The Limit

"POPULAR INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICER, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM HUNTING TRIP TO JACKSON COUNTY, IN WHICH HE AND HIS SON SECURED THEIR LIMIT."—*Portland (Oregon) Telegram.* (*W. Clarence Egan*)

Yet They're Still on the Job—"Lenine and Trotsky are SLAYED by Maxim Gorky."—*Heading in Carleton (New Brunswick, Can.) Sentinel.* (*M. L. Hayward.*)

The Multiple-Voiced—"Norma Jean Erdmann is the soprano and Herman Treiber THE QUARTETTE that is singing this week at the Lancaster Theatre in Boston."—*Chillicothe Scioto (O.) Gazette.* (*H. C. Ruhrah.*)

Doug's Job—"Because of his splendid work for the Government War Loans, Douglas Fairbanks has been appointed director of WAR SAVINGS for southern California by the federal authorities."—*Motion Picture World.*—(*Will J. Moynihan.*)

Traveling Light—"The bride wore a TRAVELING GOWN OF BLUE PICTURE HAT and she carried a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums."—*Berkshire (Mass.) Eagle.* (*Alexander Gaylord.*)

Possibly Explosive—"According to Lloyds' Register, 16.3 per cent. of vessels are oil burners; coal burners, 76 per cent.; INFERNAL combustion engines, 1.7 per cent., and sail, 6 per cent."—*Boston Traveler.* (*Charles L. Corwin.*)

From Hand to Mouth—"Three remarkable operations have opened the locked PAWS of Miss Charlotte Hoyer, twenty-six years old, of No. 827 Autumn avenue, who is now able to MASTICATE her food for the first time in two years."—*New York Journal.* (*Oscar E. Ehrler.*)

They Held Trumps—"State TRUMPERS descended on a party of men who were playing a friendly game of cards at Margaretville and arrested the men, who later on were fined $100."—*Catskill (N. Y.) Enterprise.* (*C. G. Hazzard.*)

NEW MOVES IN THE MOVIES

Truth and the Fillum

By Myron M. Stearns ("Lenso")

ONCE upon a time, according to the authorities and Mr. H. G. Wells, when the world was still hot and troubled and uneasy with earthquakes, primitive life came crawling up out of the shallow seas and sat in the sun. A little while later—mebbe only a few million years—the earth cooled off a bit more, and let moss grow on it, and trees. Then of course came monkeys. And after that (only a *very* short step) came man, the human animal.

Another step, and presto: The Movies! Introducing a new and greatly accelerated creature, much more active and exciting than man (according to the Front Office), which we can call the Movie Animyle.

In appearance, the Movie Animyle resembles the human animal more or less closely. An improvement is noted in the hair and whiskers, which can be removed and replaced at will. This may sometimes be seen at a glance. The ages differ from those of the common or garden human, the females being for the most part young and fluffy headed, and so easy to look at that they cause no strain whatever upon the eyes except when swimming. The males also are largely young and Apollo-like, and usually bent only on mating. Indeed, the chief occupation of this advanced species may be set down as courtship, with marriage and domestic infelicity on the side. Just as, in bygone ages, man's unhappy progenitors may be imagined swinging idly by their tails from the stronger branches, the Movie Animyle is usually last seen clinging closely to its rightful mate, just as earlier it was caught clinging to the other fellow's.

But these are minor matters. The real advance lies in the emotional realm. For when the plain human merely walked, breathed, loved its home and children with, on the whole, a fairly constant affection, and spends the evening reading or sewing or playing games or going to some mild entertainment, the new model runs or skulks, tip-toes or cavesdrops evilly, is furiously jealous, and construes perfectly innocent meetings with old friends as clandestine love affairs. The older males of the species invariably compel their daughters to marry crooked partners for their money, and the older females aid and abet them, until it is too late, or at least, late enough. Breathing is regarded as a physical exercise, busoms always being heaved tempestuously throughout the frequent stresses of emotion.

To be sure, there is precedent for this movie phenomenon. In the quiet days of mere literature, a certain realm of fictional convention arose and became accepted as almost fact.

"'My darling!' cried Reginald, and folded her to his busom."

That was almost at the end of the chapter—almost, but not quite. There was the concluding sentence:

"And from the darkening vault of Heaven above them, a single star shone out."

Think of all those single stars! Night after night—book after book! And all those Reginalds, folding her so many times! It's a wonder to me she could stand it, without breaking at the creases from being folded so much.

Ah, them was happy days!—And now—it's movies. Only more so.

There's the rub. That "more so." It begins to look as though it might be too much. Decidedly too much. Time to backstep. Got to travel back a bit, toward the monkeys, and mere men.

The beginning was insensible. A motion-picture camera is cranked at a speed of around sixteen exposures a second, or foot of film; sixty feet a minute—nearly seventeen minutes of cranking for a full reel of film. But when that film is run for people to look at, it's speeded up a bit, so you won't get too tired. Marching troops have to march a little faster—automobiles are driven a bit more recklessly. Instead of being run at the "real life" speed of over sixteen minutes to a reel, thirteen minutes and a half is usually regarded as ample. That is now "regulation." A year ago it was fourteen minutes.

The rest followed. Real life being a bit too slow, too tame, we improved on it for fillum purposes, making two villains grow where only one grew before, and stepping hard on the loud pedal for love—the-only-thing-in-life—shingling further and further out onto the fog.

The other day I saw a "big" picture, with a "big" theme. "Man, Woman and Marriage," it's called, and it rakes the ages for fuel. But the men and women in it are not real men and women, they're merely motion-picture men and women—Movie Animyles. So the picture and theme are really big only in motion pictures. In real life they're not big at all, because they are not a part of it, have nothing to do with it. The film will please millions of people, because it is a "big movie"; but it won't grip people deeply—it will for the most part be forgotten quickly because it lacks that fundamentally essential thing, *truth*, fidelity to *real life*.

Pictures Worth Watching:

THE OLD SWIMMING-HOLE
Charles Ray in a film without words.

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS
Harmless Scotch village comedy.

*PASSION**
Fine foreign film.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE
Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive."

MAN, WOMAN AND MARRIAGE
Great 9-reel motion pitcher.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS
Well-manufactured domestic trouble.

EDGAR COMEDIES
Fairly good two-reel humor.

*OVER THE HILL**
The children neglect mother.

19 AND PHYLLIS
Average Ray comedy.

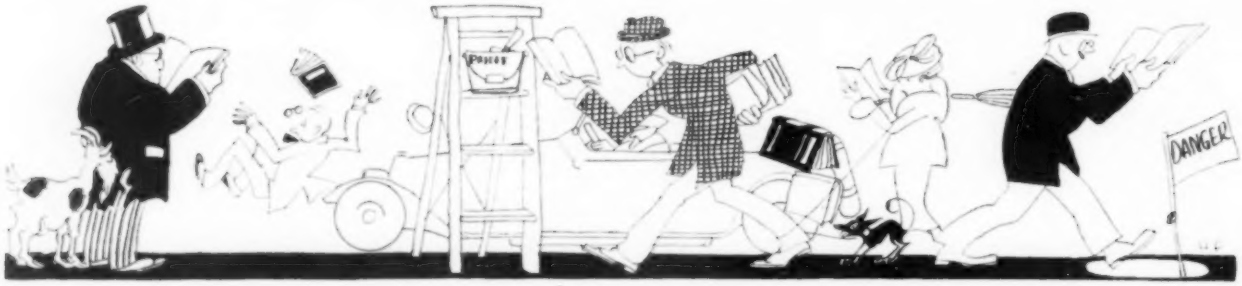
GODLESS MEN
Strong but rather disagreeable story of the sea.

THE MISLEADING LADY
Long but entertaining comedy-drama.

WAY DOWN EAST
Melodrama de luxe.

**Exceptionally good.*

WITH THE COLLEGE WITS



Irrepressible, Joyous, Irresponsible

Little Mary

One day little Mary had been very naughty and her mother said to her:

"Mary, you must go upstairs and pray for forgiveness for your sins."

When the little girl came down after some time, her mother asked, "Did you tell God about it?"

"No," replied the child, "but I told Mrs. God, and I guess it's all over heaven by this time."—*Virginia Reel.*

Hootch

Hot—They say Bossus works far into the night in the Chem lab.

Dog—And then staggers up to his room.—*Colgate Banter.*

The Boy's Hope

"I hear your father is ill."

"Yes, quite ill."

"Contagious disease?"

"I hope not; the doctor says it's over-work."—*Carnegie Puppet.*

Coming Off

Forsythe—Stumbled into the dressing-rooms at the Joyous Theatre by mistake last night.

Skinker—What was going on?

Forsythe—Nothing to speak of.—*Washington Dirge.*

Engineer—WHY DO YOU SAY THAT ARTHUR IS AN OPTIMIST?

Economics—WELL, HE IS ALWAYS WILLING TO GO OUT ON A DATE WITH A JANE WHO HAS BEEN CHARACTERIZED AS "NOT VERY GOOD LOOKING, BUT AN AWFUL NICE GIRL."

—*Pitt Panther*

Jndge's Forthcoming College Wits Number

JUDGE'S first College Wits number, published last March, was an amazing success. As it has now become an annual institution with His Honor, the second number, to be published again in March, may be expected even to surpass the first in interest.

JUDGE now asks its undergraduate friends to begin sending in poems, little essays, jokes and other suitable matter, including drawings, for the number.

Each contribution accepted must bear the name, class and college of the contributor, and *will be paid for.*

The college making the best showing in the number wins the large silver cup which Cornell won in the first contest, that cup being subject to three winnings by a college before it becomes the permanent property of the college.

Two individual silver cups are offered in addition, one to go to the artist whose drawing is considered the best submitted (including a possible cover in colors). Charles Baskerville, Jr., of Cornell, won this last March. The other goes to the author of the best bit of text published in the number. Albert R. Stewart, of Dartmouth, won this in the first contest. All contributions must be original and exclusive.

The contest is conducted on the principle of a track meet, on points.

All material submitted must be at the **JUDGE** office by February 1, except color designs (in all mediums), which must be in hand two weeks earlier.

Address **COLLEGE WITS CONTEST**, and inclose postage for return in case of rejection.

Go to it, fellows and girls!

Couldn't Be Worse

Undertaker—Jones is in a pretty bad "hole."

Customer—Why! What's the matter?

Undertaker (cheerfully)—Well, we buried him yesterday.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Betcha!

Didchaever stand in back of a great big fat lady boarding a street car, and hear the conductor holler out, "Both sides, please"?—Didchaever?—*Columbia Jester.*

Two Birds with One Stone

I take my grl out Sundays and holidays.
Hallowe'en is a holiday.
Hallowe'en comes on Sunday.
Ain't calendars wonderful?—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

Not All That Way

Helen—Those medical students are terribly slow.

Anita—What makes you think so?

Helen—Well, when Jimmy called the night before last and I told him my hands were cold, he told me that I should sit on them——

Anita—Continue.

Helen—And when I told Roland last night that I felt sort of chilly, he told me I should take a quinine pill.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Fifty-Fifty

She—Dearest, now that we are married, I—I—have a confession to make to you.

He—What can it be, sweetheart?

She—Can you ever forgive me for deceiving you? My right eye is made of glass.

He—Never mind, love bird, so are the diamonds in your engagement ring.—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

Mary

A most sophisticated maid,
Is that young co-ed Mary.
The well-known proverb she has changed
To "Eat, wink, but be wary."

—*California Pelican.*

Circumlocution

"Nothin' to do but do it."

"Do what?"

"Do it."

"What's it?"

"What there is to do."

"Well, what's it that there is to do?"

"Nothin'."—*Washington Sun Dodger.*

Wrong Make-Up

Alice De Vere Virginia Fay,
Go get your hat and draw your pay.
To play Godiva you were hired;
You've bobbed your hair, so now you're fired.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

Ham—HOW DID SHE DANCE "THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS"?

Eggs—WELL, IT WAS A LITTLE OFF.

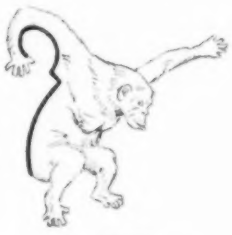
—*Stanford Chaparral*

THE NEW WIGGLE-WOBBLE AWARDS

Second Prize—$10

HARRY SARG.
30 Chase Park Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

Third Prize—$5



JOS. FINKEL.
No Address on Drawing

First Prize—$25

FRANK G. DAVIS.
505 N. 14th St., Richmond, Va.

Fourth Prize—$5

MRS. EUGENE P. FISHER,
322 W. 2nd St., Salt Lake City, Utah

Fifth Prize—$5

HERMAN HUNTER.
1130 Nattier St., Manhattan, Kansas

Hon. Men.

EDWARD BLAKE.
104 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

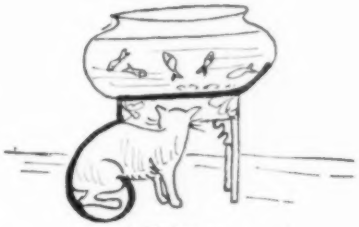
Hon. Men.

J. A. SEATS.
235 E. 11th Ave., Columbus, Ohio

Hon. Men.

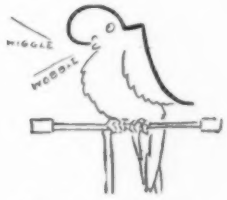
R. ANDERSON.
358 Harrison Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Honorable Mention



A. W. JURDEN.
36 Broad St., Oneida, N. Y.

Hon. Mention



DR. CHAS. P. MANGUEN.
109 E. Gordon St., Kinston, N. C.

Hon. Mention

J. HOBART SCHEFFEY.
34 N. 17th St., Columbus, Ohio

Hon. Mention

WILLIAM A. FERGUSON.
Maplewood, Oregon

Hon. Mention

FRANK DAHLGREN.
138 6th Ave. N., Nashville, Tenn.

Hon. Mention

MISS MYRTLE MORRIS,
c.o. Western Union Telegraph Co. Richmond, Virginia

Hon. Men.

JAMES REES.
1227 Kornigstein Ave., Norfolk, Nebraska

Hon. Mention

ARNOLD EHRSAM.
1016 Harrison St., Sandusky, Ohio

Hon. Mention

LIONEL K. LEVY
51 W. North Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Hon. Mention

E. JACOBY.
58 Greenwich Ave., New York City

Hon. Mention

A. L. BECKET.
Williamstown, Mass.

Hon. Men.

ELIZABETH RICHARD.
602 California St., Columbus, Ind.

Hon. Mention

STANLEY DUSEK.
565 West 144th St., New York City

Hon. Men.

B. J. MATHISON.
Box 647, Deer Lodge, Mont.

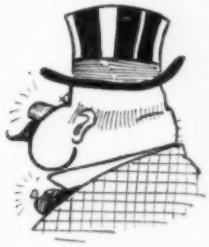
Hon. Men.

DAVID P. GREENWELL.
7 N. Smallwood St., Baltimore, Md.

Hon. Men.

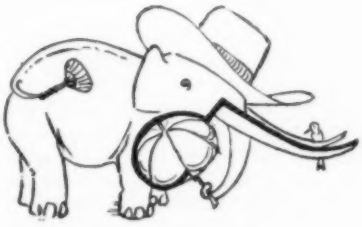
C. L. HOMSON.
1327 Tutwiler Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Hon. Mention



PAUL H. BRATTEN.
618 N. 3rd St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Honorable Mention

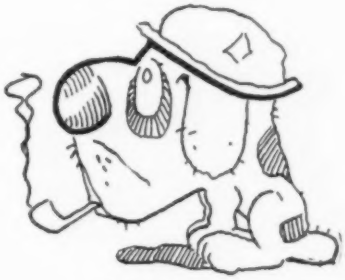


COLOMB WILLIAM.
150 West 77th St., New York City

Honorable Mention

ARTHUR H. SWANN.
24 Hancock St., Boston, Mass.

Honorable Mention



FERMAN MARTIN.
P. O. Box 168, Memphis, Texas

Honorable Mention

A. O. Greulle, *Highland and Linden Ave., East Norwood, Ohio*

Hon. Men.

Helmer Johnson, *R. F. D., 82, Jamestown, N. Y.*

Honorable Mention

Edgar W. Bridge, *912 W. Tuscarawas St., Canton, Ohio*

Honorable Mention

Chas. Saunder, *714 Mountain Ave., Westfield, N. J.*

Honorable Mention

H. R. Sack, *% Dodge Brothers, Gothenberg, Nebr.*

Honorable Mention

C. H. Brace, *29th and Forest Sts., Kansas City, Mo.*

Hon. Men.

Lauriston Sharp, *559 Mendota St., Madison, Wis.*

A Third Selection of the Number Two Wiggle-Wobbles will be published next week. Look out for these! Your drawing may be among them.

What Ho! Collegians All, Look Ye!

THIS is a bugle call to college men and women who are contemplating entering the lists in JUDGE's tourney of wits. Soon the gates will be closed, and those who belatedly seek admission to the now famous Annual College Wits Contest Number will find themselves outside the barrier labeled February first. But a few more days remain for you clever ones to send in your material and reap the reward of fame and pelf, and at the same time glorify alma mater.

You will remember the sensation caused by JUDGE's first College Wits Number and how it was the theme of conversation on every campus in the country. We predict an even greater volume of gab about the next College Wits Number. It is going to be a bird, a scream, a knockout. The Editorial Desk is piled high with contributions—storiettes, essaylets, verses, squibs, colloquies—and yet like Oliver Twist we cry for more. We want *all* the colleges represented with the most waggish waggery of the brightest wags.

And the gifted ones who express themselves with drawing-pen and brush may still send along their visualized witticisms. The illustrated joke as conceived by the regular contributor to his own college magazine is usually a joy forever, if, sometimes, not a thing of beauty. To those who seek a nation-wide audience for their artistry and flashing humor JUDGE throws wide the portals of its College Wits Number. JUDGE dares you to be funny, and accepting His Honor's dare you will reap your reward in American appreciation from Bangor to Key West, from Montauk Point to Monterey. And into the bargain there's a generous check for every accepted contribution.

THIS IS THE BIG SILVER TROPHY CUP WON BY CORNELL UNIVERSITY LAST YEAR AND WHICH YOUR COLLEGE SHOULD WIN THIS YEAR—TO MAKE THINGS INTERESTING. WHY NOT REACH FOR IT?

The college making the best showing in this special number will win the big silver loving-cup, now in the hands of Cornell University, last year's winner, and a competitor again this year. Permanent possession means winning the cup three times.

In addition there are two individual cups—one for the best literary contribution, one for the best art offering. The contest is conducted on the same principle as a track meet; the awards are made on points of merit.

And now, fellows and girls, the road is open. Polish up your rapiers of wit, get out your tools of artistry. Lose no time; do the job as you would like to see it appear in these pages and send us your contributions TODAY. Don't wait until some more enterprising fellow undergraduate shows you his check and asks you to have a gumdrop with him. Vain regrets buy no near-beer for boys or powder-puffs for girls.

"I Want a Drink"

THERE are a lot of folks in these United States who will sympathize with this cunning youngster's desire for a drink.

This dimpled infant reminding Mama that it's bottle time expresses an emotion not uncommon in these days.

It would be hard to resist the appeal of this picture, one of the many noted covers that have appeared on JUDGE, "The Happy Medium."

Reproduced in full colors, mounted on a double mat, all ready for framing, this appealing picture is yours for 25 cents, postage prepaid.

JUDGE ART PRINT DEPARTMENT

225 Fifth Avenue **New York City**

A Friendly Kick

A colored lady with a broken jawbone was receiving treatment at a doctor's office.

"How did it occur?" asked the doctor.

"To tell the truf, Doctah," the patient reluctantly confessed, "I was just nachully kicked in the face by a gen'leman friend."

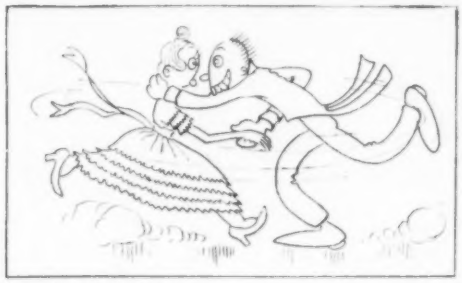
Times Change

Willis—My wife and I married in 1885 and went right to housekeeping.

Gillis—So?

"Yes, and both my children married last month and went right to houschunting."

Judge's Model Primer for Little Intellects



Drawn by A. S. Foster

WHAT do We see Here? This is a brace of Toe Dan-cers. They per-form Reg-u-lar-ly at e-ver-y Char-i-ty Ball. They Dance on E-ver-y-bod-y's Toes but their Own. What are they Do-ing Now? They are sta-ging their Fa-vor-ite Dance known as the Husk-ing Bee. When the Ball Room is Crowd-ed they are at their Best. They sel-dom Miss a Corn. Their Tal-ent leaves such an Im-pres-sion on Ev-er-y-one that the Fi-nal "Home Sweet Home" is Al-ways vot-ed a great-er Mas-ter-piece than An-y Beet-ho-ven So-na-ta.

Girls Who Never Bobbed It

By Fairfax D. Downey

EVE
Seven Sutherland Sisters
Medusa
Grandma
Delilah
Barbara Frietchie
Queen Mary of England
Mélisande
Mary Pickford
Venus
Lady Godiva

Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the great birth control advocate, and her two sons

"WOMAN AND THE NEW RACE"

By Margaret Sanger

This book, just published, is Margaret Sanger's greatest effort for the birth control movement. It contains the very essence of her life's work. It pleads and instructs the women of the world in the greatest step of their emancipation. "Woman and the New Race" contains the sum total of her experience—the knowledge she dared to utter and print! The knowledge for which she faced jail and fought through every court to establish as woman's inalienable right to know.

HAPPINESS IN EVERY MARRIAGE

If you fail to read this book do not ever complain of any unhappiness that may be yours, resulting from lack of knowledge of the married state, because "Woman and the New Race" possesses the knowledge every man and woman must and should have.

PART OF CONTENTS

Woman's Error and Her Debt	Continence: Is it Practicable or Desirable?
The Struggle for Freedom	Contraception or Abortion?
Two Classes of Woman	Are Preventive means certain?
Immorality of Unwanted Large Families	Battalion of Unwanted Babies Cause of War
Cries of Despair	Woman and Morality
Women who plead for Abortion	Legislating Woman's Morals
When should a Woman avoid having children?	Why not Birth Control Clinics in America.

Any **one** of the above chapters alone is worth the price of the book

THE KNOWLEDGE IS PRICELESS

This book, "Woman and the New Race," by Margaret Sanger, contains so much that is vital, thorough and necessary to every married couple; that it would require a book to explain it. The knowledge between its covers is priceless.

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"Just brains."

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Metropolitan Bird Life

By ARTHUR C. BROOKS

The Boob-Bird

THE *Boob-Bird*, or *Jasper*, ranges from Maine to Miami, from the Catskills to the Cascades. This is the bird that tried to buy a three-color typewriter ribbon—red, white and blue. He is essentially a coop-bird, and sooner or later is incarcerated there permanently. The female is called *The Flapper*.

In plumage *The Boob* is gay and flashy, on the principle that like attracts like. It is not uncommon for a bevy of *Boobs* to flutter through the thoroughfares. The male is physically heavy with a 6¼ noddle, large feet, and a no-content expression of countenance. He is fond of dancing, a diversion in which as a rule he is not well versed, soft-drinks, peanut-brittle, and joy-jaunting.

Size: Brobdingnagian. Value: 33c, including war-tax.

The Great Perhaps

By BERTON BRALEY

I'M sick of everyday things, of dull and drab and gray things,
Which masquerade as Duty and as Work,
I'm weary of the treadmill, the daily-board-and-bed mill
Which grinds a grist of boredom and of irk;
This workaday existence will, somewhere in the distance,
Receive a royal recompense, mayhap;
But there's no way of *knowing* and meanwhile Youth is going
And I'm a most impatient sort of chap.

It may be that the gay things I seek are tawdry playthings,
Which sober men resign without a sigh
And live their lives without them; but when I think about them
It seems to me they're things I'd like to try!
Life's more than merely *being*, it's *seeking* and it's *seeing*
The wonder and the magic of the earth;
And I, who've traveled nowhere, am dreaming how to go where
A man learns what experience is worth.

It may be, on returning, the sum of all my learning
Will be that I was foolish in my flight,
That he who's staid and steady finds fortune waiting ready—
In brief, that all the copybooks are right.
For so the august sages down all the endless ages
Have warned against the ways I want to range;
Yet, though that's how they say things, *I'm* sick of everyday things,
And I'm going to try the others for a change!

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His Hope

His Wife (at the opera)—Shu-h! They're about to begin again. The orchestra-leader is raising his hand. . . . .

Mr. Lowbrow—Good. I hope he spanks that woman who has been screeching so loud. I haven't slept a wink.

Regarding Editorial, Subscription and Advertising Matters

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Hats Off, Gentlemen!

Judge at the Play

(Continued from page 20)

Perhaps we expect too much of those who have pleased us so well. In "Transplanting Jean" they do not quite meet that expectation.

* * *

"The Champion" contains all the ingredients for a jolly evening at the theatre, including the overcoming of the villain by the hero in a stand-up fist fight, which unfortunately does not occur in immediate view of the audience. Everything else does, including the conversion of the hero's domestic tyrant of a domineering, browbeating father into a hearty, toast-drinking, song-singing, good-natured old slob. The other very many characters are adorable human persons, from Mr. Grant Mitchell as *Gunboat Williams*, the champion lightweight, and Ann Andrews as the easy-to-love heroine, *Lady Elizabeth*, down to the butler of the strait-laced household, who violates the rule and produces a drink at the display of distress signal.

The constant joyous spirit which emanates from "The Champion" in its present performance seems to Judge to exemplify one of the very best functions of the theatre. If we had a depressed friend to whom we wished to give the blessing of being lifted out of his gloomy thoughts, we can fancy no better way of doing it than by exposing him to the constant merriment of this wholesome comedy. Its authors, Messrs. Louden and Thomas, as well as the whole well-chosen company, deserve three rousing cheers.

Collector of Internal Revenue Edwards has started a very practical war against the theatre-ticket sharks. He is likely to find every one of them trying to victimize the many folks who will want to see "The Champion" when they hear about it.

Metcalfe.

What's What in the Theatres

While Judge is printing, plays have a way of stopping or of changing their abode. On that account it would be well to consult the daily newspapers about the location and continuance of the attractions mentioned below.

DRAMAS AND MELODRAMAS

Astor—"Cornered," with Miss Madge Kennedy. Down-town criminality and up-town luxury brought together in well-played melodrama.

Belasco—"Deburau," with Mr. Lionel Atwill. Most interesting and well done as play, production and interpretation.

Bijou—"The Skin Game." Dramatic description of the British social climber with his head against the stone wall.

Cohan and Harris—"Welcome Stranger." The Jew humorously triumphant in a business contest with the New England Yank.

Forty-Eighth Street—"The Broken Wing." Moving melodrama of American aviation in Mexico.

Frazee—"The Woman of Bronze," with Miss Anglin. The French domestic triangle adapted to an excellent display of the star's emotional abilities.

Maxine Elliott's—"Spanish Love." Novel staging of this elementary passion and its companions, jealousy and hate.

Morosco—"The Bat." Continuously puzzling melodrama of crime and mystery.

Playhouse—"Thy Name Is Woman." Effective exhibition of the workings of the domestic triangle among Spanish smugglers.

Princess—"Pagans," by Mr. Charles Anthony. See page 20.

Republic—"Me." Review later.

Thirty-Ninth Street—"Samson and Delilah." How a poet goes wrong through a woman's influence ably shown by Mr. Ben-Ami.

Times Square—"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. The young woman with a blot on her past not convincingly portrayed.

OPERA, MUSICAL COMEDY AND GIRL-AND-MUSIC SHOWS

Casino—"Honey Dew." Melodious musical comedy, very well sung and staged.

Central—"Afgar." The charms of Delysia frankly displayed, and a handsomely costumed, rather clever girl-and-music show.

Globe—"Tip-Top," with Mr. Fred Stone. Vaudeville features, girls and music, together with the acrobatic fun of the star.

Greenwich Village—"The Beggar's Opera." A quaint and interesting revival of the ancestor of all the girl-and-music shows.

Hippodrome—"Good Times." The biggest and not least attractive of them all.

Knickerbocker—"Mary." Tuneful and unusually vivacious girl-and-music show.

Liberty—"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. Clever comic operetta, very well sung and played.

Lyric—Nora Bayes, in "Her Family Tree." Sketchy and handsomely staged musical entertainment, with the talented star strongly emphasized.

Park—"Ermine," with Messrs. Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper. See page 20.

Selwyn—"Tickle Me." Mr. Frank Tinney in white-face to an elaborate girl-and-music setting.

Shubert—"Greenwich Village Follies." A bit of everything in girls and music, with gorgeous coloring.

Vanderbilt—"Irene." Dainty and tuneful girl-and-music show with novel interludes.

Winter Garden—"The Passing Show of 1921." The job of refreshing the t. b. m.'s tiredness with girls and music excellently accomplished.

COMEDY, NEAR-COMEDY AND FARCE

Apollo—"The Prince and the Pauper." Mark Twain's historical romance agreeably dramatized and well played.

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Belmont—"Miss Lulu Bett." Microscopic study of domestic life in Middle West well acted.

Booth—"The Green Goddess," by Mr. William Archer, with Mr. George Arliss. Review later.

Bramhall—"Mixed Marriage," by Mr. St. John Ervine. See page 20.

Century—"In the Night Watch." Review later.

Cohan—"The Tavern," with Mr. Arnold Daly. Clever and very well played burlesque of melodrama of the palmy days.

Comedy—"The Bad Man," with Mr. Blinn. The Mexican brigand in most humorous guise.

Cort—"Transplanting Jean," with Margaret Lawrence and Mr. Arthur Byron. See page 20.

Eltinge—"Ladies' Night." Unspeakable.

Empire—"Mary Rose," with Ruth Chatterton. Sir James Barrie having fun with explainers of this mystic mixture.

Fulton—"Enter Madame," with Gilda Varesi. Well acted and amusing setting forth of the troubles of a gentleman who marries a prima donna.

Gaiety—"Lightnin'." Humorous character, with Reno and its divorces for a basis.

Henry Miller's—"Wake Up, Jonathan!" by Messrs. Hughes and Rice, with Mrs. Fiske. Review later.

Hudson—"The Meanest Man in the World." Mr. George M. Cohan the star of a diverting light comedy.

Little—"The First Year." The teething period of matrimony made most amusing.

Longacre—"The Champion," with Mr. Grant Mitchell. See Review on this page.

Lyceum—"The Gold Diggers." The way chorus-girls live in humorous and well-staged exposition.

Nora Bayes—"Three Live Ghosts." A well-played and laughable cockney comedy.

Plymouth—"Little Old New York." Delightful proof that the town was once picturesque and charming.

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POISON!

"CARTER, you'll excuse me for saying it, but you're a damned fool," said Jones, quietly. "And the trouble is that you are associated with some millions of other fools in this land. You can't see, and you don't want to see an inch beyond your nose. You travel between Beechaven and the city in the interest of your coal business, and you vote once a year—if you're not too busy. And, by the Eternal, you and the men like you are responsible!"

"Now you look here—" began Carter belligerently, but Jones waved him silent.

"There are rivers and rivers of poison being drained into our national life," said Jones, in a deadly serious tone. "You men either don't or won't realize it. You talk about Americanism! What is this Americanism? Is it anything but Anglo-Saxon idealism? Does it stand for anything but the doctrines that were woven into the Declaration? Is it anything but the square deal, human justice, divine right, decency, humanity, reason, God-fearing righteousness, cleanliness, honesty and hope? Does America stand for anything in all the world but that? What was it the men who went through that horrible winter at Valley Forge suffered for? What did the Lexington farmers lay down their lives for? What did Washington's inauguration oath mean? Did Alexander Hamilton build nothing but a mountain of selfishness? Was the democracy of Jefferson just a dream of Arcadia? I tell you that Theodore Roosevelt recognized this menace. As a good, straight, honest American he saw the poison eating at the foundations of the national structure."

Robinson looked at Jones in a puzzled way.

"Will you tell us precisely what in blazes you're driving at?" he asked quietly.

"I will, and I'll try to put it in words of one syllable, Robinson," he said. "And I hope with all my soul that you and some of the others of our native stock will wake up and exert what pressure you can to stop what I believe is the greatest menace to our spiritual and national future that we have yet faced as one people."

What Jones told Robinson concerns you and me—all of us. It is something very vital, very grave. It is explained in

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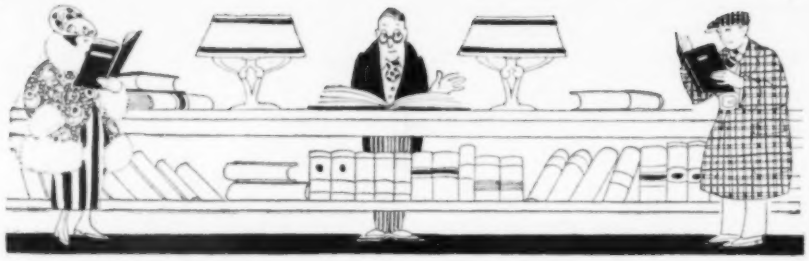

Dumplings from the Great Word Potpie

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

Conrad: Magnificent Counterfeiter!

JOSEPH CONRAD is the "Babe" Ruth of fiction.

In fact, Joseph has beaten the "Babe"—at this writing. The score stands twenty-six homers for Ruth and thirty-eight (counting short stories) for Conrad. The latter has just made his thirty-eighth homer in "The Rescue" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). In the latter novel Conrad has not only made another homer, but he has driven the ball of his marvelous fancy clean over the fence, where all the kids of the romantic pen will be looking for it for aye—and never find it!

You are either a wild-eyed Conrad "fan" or you are not. I mean by that you either consider him one of the few great romantic writers of all time or you dislike him to the point of preferring Captain Marryat. I long ago signed the Conrad Booster's League, with a little Article X which I inserted on the sly while Huneker and Mencken and Woodrow weren't looking. This reservation on my part lies in the obviousness of Conrad's attempt to thrill you. His sea is literary. His moral crises are visualized by the brain, not by the nerves and the emotions. Hugo, Dostoievsky and Poe, for instance, *lived* their thrills; Conrad is a chemist of thrills. He has not lived them; they are obviously manufactured.

But was there ever such a brilliant counterfeiter! You know how he achieves his effects, you hear the pulleys and the tackle, you see the machine at work; but the result is a gorgeous fabric. It dazzles your sockets, sets your brain afire and evokes before you, once again, the Human Jest, of which you and I are butts. He is a tremendous artist and a Grade A ironical philosopher; but the Old Sleuth in my brain, alias Critical Faculty, says at the end of "The Rescue," as at the end of "Lord Jim," "He is not sincere!"

Mark Twain *was* Huckleberry Finn. Shakespeare *was* Hamlet. Thomas Hardy *was* Tess. But Joseph Conrad is *not* Tom Lingard or Lord Jim. But for all that "The Rescue" is a mighty fabrication; and if you want to escape from old Lady Care for two nights and a day impregnate yourself with this magical romance.

Asia and the Forty-Eighters

TOM ROLAND was a rough diamond. Alice Roland, his wife, was a sort of Mid-Victorian Tecla.

Tom had a partner who is a Regular Guy.

This starts, as you very well see, a matrimonial Flatiron. And why not? It was down in the timber region of New Zealand ("The Story of a New Zealand River," by Jane Mander; John Lane Company). There weren't any Mann snoopers or Lusk raiders in this "lawless section" of the world (why is New Zealand always "lawless"?). Anybody down there could pull off a triangle with not even an O. Henry in sight.

But Alice was Mid-Victorian. She told Tom's partner that a marriage vow was as sacred to her as an Englishwoman as a copy of Tennyson's poems. She would cling to him as a sister, knit a jacket for him to insulate him 'gainst the winter blasts from Captain Amundsen's South Pole, keep his file of the London *Daily Mail* intact and see that his slippers were regularly aired; but aside from that—nothing, nix and cease!

Asia is born. Asia is a girl. She is—we do not doubt—the daughter of Tom and Alice. Asia is a primitive Villager. Her emotions are bobbed. Her eyes glow like Halley's comet. She reads the *Boys' Own*. When she loves a man, it is Leap Year to her. What she wants she goes and takes, as Rudyard somewhere says. A primitive, wild thing, who might, in the language of old Doc Freud, be called Mamma Alice's suppressed Mid-Victorian desires come to life.

A Jack London fellow happens along down there looking for "copy" for a Hearst cereal. Asia shies herself straight at his head without making any bones about a ceremony. But the pen-pusher is married. A fine mess all around! Almost unbelievable if it wasn't fiction!

On page 322 the Labor Party of New South Wales is lugged in to settle the matter. What did the Forty-Eighters of New South Wales do in the matter? Tellin's! Read the book.

The Mountain Comes to Clement

WHEN Clement Wood dedicates a book ("Mountain"; E. P. Dutton & Company) to Theodore Dreiser you can lay your precious keg of home brew to a soap box that We Capitalists are going to get our hides tanned.

I may be a lost soul among the literati, but the more I study socialism the harder I find it to keep down my capitalistic suppressed desires. The more I study the Reds the yellower I become. The deeper I plough into Karl Marx the more my heart is set on getting a Rolls-Royce by hook or by crook. When I was penniless the World Sat in Darkness. Now that I have achieved a bank account, I see the Light—I have become a Cursed Capitalist. There is no balm in Gilead, the Rand School or Liggett's for me! Pray for me, Clem!

This is the first novel of Mr. Wood's. Maybe it's his last. But it is hard to be an optimist in these baleful days. I enjoy the vigorous, vital, independent pen of Mr. Wood when he is writing about books as much as I enjoy my own articles. But this novel is sheer socialistic propaganda, and art not at all.

A labor struggle in a Southern town. Pop is a capitalistic mine-owner. Son, from college, is a socialist—you know the type: Horn-rims, scientific-organization-of-humanity brow, forward-looking red tie, eye kindled with the Coming Dawn, tight-wad and Dutch treat artist at a lemon-phosphate stag party.

Son goes with the strikers. Pop, whose vile capitalistic money sent son to college, is up against it. Two Hermiones Cross the Life's Path of son. Marries one and freeloves the other. Meantime the Mountain goes piling up austerity on its brow. The Mountain is old—Fate with the rheumatism.

A book that is of the Village, for the Village and by the Village. Maybe Mr. Dreiser will like it. *Eh bien!* there's no accounting for paste.

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But there was one despot he could not subdue. With power grew his appetite for luxury and vice—a tyranny greater than that of blood and chains. Outraged Nature, who had dowered him with a glorious genius, demanded his life as the forfeit for his crimes and vices while still at the threshold of his career.

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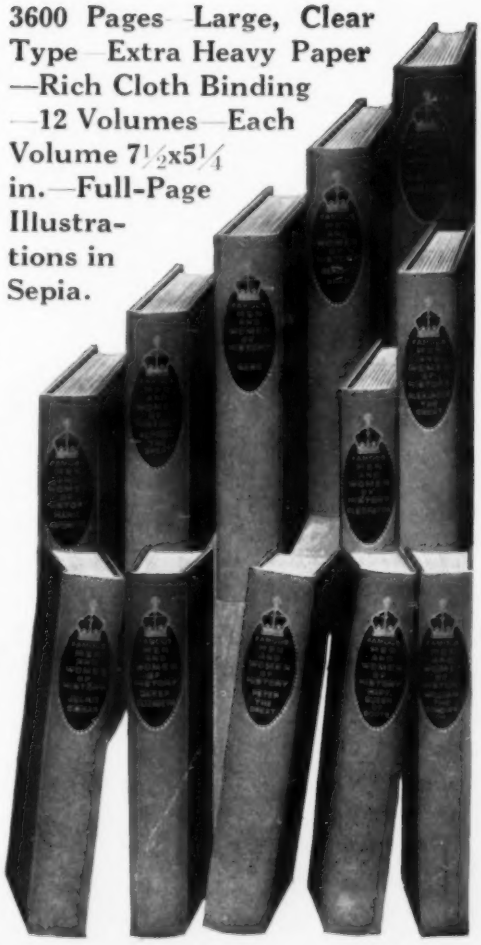

When the Rattlesnake Struck

Judge!

When you sent me up for four years you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike.

Yours respectfully,
RATTLESNAKE.

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